

THE BIRTH-PLACES OF AMERICANISM

ANNUAL ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF WISCONSIN,

Thursday Evening, January 30, 1873.

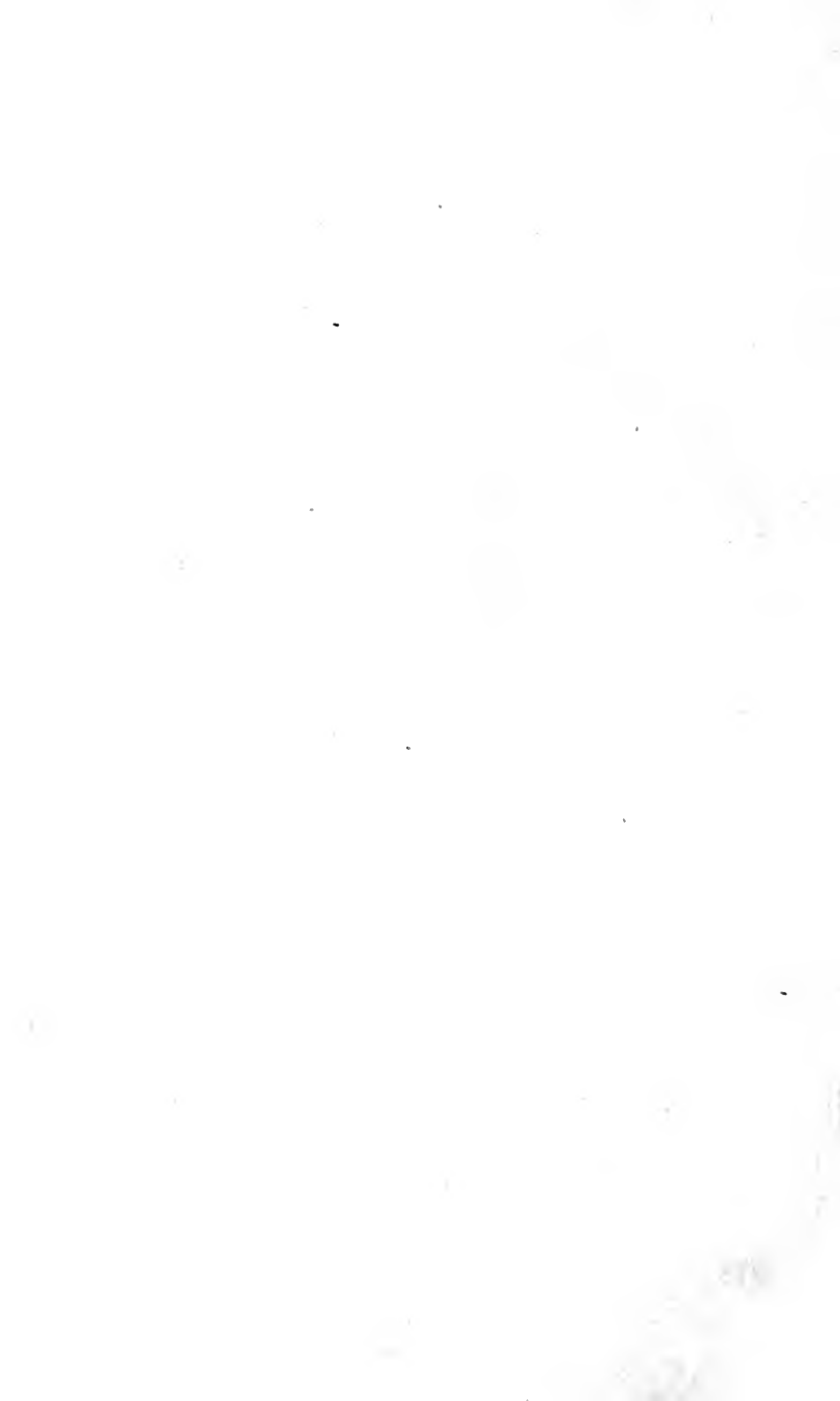
BY HON. CHARLES D. ROBINSON, OF GREEN BAY.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE LEGISLATURE

MADISON, WIS.:

ATWOOD & CULVER, PRINTERS AND STEREOTYPERS.

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BIRTH-PLACES OF AMERICANISM.*

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Perhaps the hardest part of the task with which I involved myself when I made the rash promise to your Secretary a few weeks ago that I would furnish an address for this occasion, has been the selection of a subject. The ground has been so thoroughly gone over by my predecessors, that there seems no new spot left untouched. Mr. VAN WYCK has taken you through a pleasing journey among the monuments of history, as illustrating the progress of peoples. President CHADBOURNE has explained the bearing of history upon individual and national action. Judge ORTON has probed the records of all nations to show the Development of Races. Judge WALKER has gone over the earlier military history of these Northwestern States. Governor SALOMON has discoursed upon the vicissitudes of new countries and new peoples, and the uses of a historical depository for a young State like this; and when I turn to a field more especially familiar to myself—the earlier history of my own State—I find that to have been occupied throughout its length and breadth by the exhaustive pens of your Secretary, and of Mr. BAIRD, Mr. STRONG, Mr. MARTIN and others.

One might well retreat from the task of even reaping where

*In consequence of ill health, Col. ROBINSON was unable to visit Madison and read his Address in person; and, at his solicitation, Hon. GEO. B. SMITH read it in his behalf.
L. C. D.

they have gathered—and indeed I shall not attempt it. I will try another field, yet left untouched, which seems an appropriate one, and in which I hope to interest you for at least a brief half hour.

We are here a mixed people, from the four quarters of the earth—rapidly assimilating, it is true—but, as we become engrafted upon the common American stock, we cannot help adding something of our original habits, manners, and modes of thought. The German has brought from Fatherland to this his new home, his solid industry and his steadiness of character. These were handed down from the gray old castles, the smoking factories, and the thoroughly tilled fields of the old country. It was their contribution for the New World across the sea. And he brought with him, too, the songs and the story of the mystic, ever-flowing Rhine. Father Rhine, then, as the Germanic blood swells in volumes more and more through our veins, becomes Father Rhine to all of us—a relation by marriage—and we can go back lovingly to his traditions, as those of our own family.

From France, there has come that graft most needed of all by this old, staid, careful, Puritan stock. It is the gaiety, the dash, the happy ways of Sunny France. Upon our hill-sides to-day we try to reproduce the wines of the Moselle. In our factories we try to imitate her cunning in cloths and silks. And our merchants and our shop-keepers are happiest the nearer they can come to the gay bazaars of *La Belle Paris*.

From the old mother country, England, we have drawn our intense pursuit of business—perhaps I ought to say, of wealth. She has given more than that—she and Scotland. We go there, to the fountain head at Stratford-on-Avon, for the most wonderful and delightful encyclopedia of human character the world has ever known. The songs which came from that little cottage at Ayr still ripple as pleasantly to our ears as the river beside which they were written; and they are *our* songs by as good a right as they are Scotland's—they are the

property of all true-hearted, independent,—and I can almost say, love making, wine-drinking, *sonsie* people. And from end to end of this New World, who of us has not drawn inspiration from the grand, the marching, the chivalric verse and story of the Wizard of the North? Abbotsford is one of our own Meccas. And all the ground which SCOTT has hallowed, around those charmed Lakes, in the Canongate, the Heart of Mid Lothian, at Stirling Castle, Colingstogle's Ford, along those mystic valleys and among those rugged hills, is transplanted to American soil, and becomes a part of American institutions.

If we go where the marble temples and forums of Ancient Rome are being exhumed from the ashes of centuries, there is a feeling with every American that it is one of the tombs of his nation's forefathers—that though the bones and dust of a Republic lie mouldering there, the spirit, by some metempsychosis, has entered into the body of the new country in the living West. The glory of Rome is in what she has been. Her glory is like a sun which has set, but whose light yet lingers on the hill-tops of America.

And Ireland, too. If we look into our national character, there, among our sinews, our religious inheritances, our unyielding courage, and our love for the soil where our home is, there shall we find the moors and heaths on which they grew.

There are the linen-makers of Belfast—the sailors of Cork—the farmers of Kerry. They are all grafted into the national growth. And greater than all, there are the Groves of Blarney.

If the politicians, the traders, the newspaper folks, the love-makers, owe any one thing more than another to the institutions of the Old World, it is to Blarney.

It seems as if Americanism is the talent for getting old things together so as to produce new and admirable results. Steam had turned wheels for generations, and vessels had sailed the seas for ages; but FULTON put them together, and produced an Americanism.

Electricity had long been in use before MORSE made it run of errands over wires, bringing forth an Americanism.

In all ages the out-croppings of civil and religious liberty, and of national independence, form the most frequent and interesting epochs of history—alas! most of them failures,

But here the Pilgrims set up the standard of religious freedom—all narrow and insufficient though it may have been, yet still a step forward, and the best according to their lights then; here the battles of the Revolution were fought; here have landed year after year, the Argonauts, seeking the golden fleece of liberty; and the ingredients, often so opposite, are harmonizing into the grand whole of Americanism.

Long before this Republic was founded, the elements of the new nationality were in full being across the water.

There was the culture and the solidity of the Englishman; the vim of the Irishman; the staid industry and discipline of the German; the gaiety and ingenuity of the Frenchman; the patience and endurance of the Norseman sailor; the daring, and possibly a strain of the lawlessness, of the Vikings. But all these, and more, were held apart by governments and boundaries. It was not until they met on common ground, free and welcome to all, that they cast their several graces, possibly not sifted well from their several faults, into the common lot, and behold, the result was Americanism.

And so, without making this a laborious argument, wearying you merely to elaborately connect the origin of things in the Old World with their adaptation in the New, I will rapidly and familiarly run over some of them, as they exist there, trusting to you to recognize their naturalized progeny here. And in starting over the field of incipient Americanism, where can we more appropriately begin than with Castle Blarney?

The Blarney estate is about ten miles north from Cork. It was once the residence of the royal race of the MCCARTHYs, Barons of Blarney and Earls of Clancarty; and the Castle,

though upwards of five hundred years old, stands almost unimpaired by time, with its turrets, towers, and fine proportions, solid and undecayed. It is not inhabited, but kept as a family memento, and shown by the retainers of the owner, to whom unlimited fees must be paid at every turn.

On alighting at the entrance of the grounds, an Irish fiddler strikes up "The Groves of Blarney," which is played with indecent haste lest the visitor should get past, and not pay him his customary shilling. A guide leads along the avenue of approach to the Castle, and another shows the way to the groves, all holding out their hands for a fee.

Of course, you will kiss the Blarney Stone. The tradition is, that whoever kisses it becomes possessed with a peculiar "soft, persuasive, wheedling eloquence" that is irresistible; hence the song —

"There is a stone there
That whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'T is he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

"A clever spouter
He 'll soon turn out, or
An out and outer,
To be let alone!
Don't hope to hinder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone."

The Groves are beautiful, though much shorn of their original extent. A short distance from the Castle lies the lovely lake of Blarney, into which it is said that the old MCCARTHY, whose possessions were once confiscated, threw all his family plate — at what particular spot is a secret only known but to *three* of his descendants at a time — that before

one dies, he communicates it to another of the family. There also comes up from the bottom of the lake, now and then, herds of beautiful white cows to graze upon the rich pastures adjoining. Among the groves are the witches' kitchen, the witches' stairway, and many other places connected with the veritable history of the Castle. In its basement is a dungeon.

The family pride of these kingly MCCARTHYS is happily not abated by time nor vicissitudes in life. One of them who, many years ago, lived near Green Bay, was an *attache* of General CASS, during some of his trips in Wisconsin; and at an Indian conference held at the Cedars, on Fox River, the General had occasion to call him. "Come here, MCCARTHY," said he. "General," said the descendant of Irish kings, "it makes a sight of difference whether you say 'Come here, MCCARTHY; or Captain MCCARTHY, will you plaze come here.'"

The song, the fable and the music which have come to us from over the water—have they not become nationalized here? Throughout our concert rooms, our parlors, our cabins; in our fields, and streets and workshops, you may hear the songs of BURNS, the creations of SHAKESPEARE, of GOETHE, and the music of Germany, Italy, and indeed of all the Old World. Who shall say that they are not as American as they are English, or Scotch, or Teutonic? And who shall say, when there lands at New York an emigrant ship, with its cargo of plain people, that there comes not with them, and indeed more a part of them than the very garments they wear upon their backs—because they are destructible—the companionship of that poesy? This new land could have no charms for them if they landed only with their spades and mattocks. They sing cheerily as they come ashore—

"Boatman, take thrice thy fee,
For spirits twain have crossed with me."

The home of BURNS is near Ayr, a village or city of 15,000

inhabitants, near the mouth of the river Ayr, on the west coast of southern Scotland. Among its noted features are the "Twa Brigs"—the two famous bridges which might to-day never have been known away from Ayr but for the dash of BURNS' pen. There they are in full use, especially morning and night, when flocks of people cross them in going to and from their work. His cottage birth-place is one of the very simple kind known there as a clay biggin, and is thatched with straw. It has been bought, and is carefully preserved, by an association of his admirers, and is the Mecca, as you know, to which large numbers make a pilgrimage.

The scenes of TAM O'SHANTER's exploits have rare attractions for every visitor, and you will not, if you go there, fail to follow over the ground from the Old Kirk of Alloway to the Brig O' Down, between which TAM and his grey mare "Meg" made a race to escape their weird pursuers. Although these are celebrated in nothing but a poetic fancy, their attractions are as solid as if TAM had really taken that ride, and the Deil and his imps had really given him such a scare.

The old kirk is roofless, and is itself not a very interesting relic, except for the interest BURNS has thrown around it. It is no wonder that the roof and rafters are all gone, if we believe that half the snuff boxes, and other trinkets, which are being sold as portions of the roof, are genuine.

The TAM O'SHANTER Inn, at Ayr, is an antique public house with a quaint sign above the door, marking it as the tavern where TAM O'SHANTER and SOUTTER JOHNNY used to meet

— "Ae market night,
TAM had got planted, unco right,
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
With reaming swats, that drank divinely,
And at his elbow, SOUTTER JOHNNY,
His ancient, trusty, drouthie crony."

The Brig O'Doon spans with one arch the river Doon, which to-day ripples by as sweetly as when BURNS sung to it—

“Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon.”

And the Ayr, too, beside which he and his Highland MARY had their last meeting and final separation,

“Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love.”

Indeed, all the country round about Ayr, though lovely enough of itself, has been given another beauty by the garnishings of song which BURNS has lovingly lavished upon it; and the visitor cannot go there without, at every step, feeling himself in the presence of Scotland's favorite poet.

The home, and house, and grave of SHAKESPEARE are the only attractions of Stratford-on-Avon, unless we include the Red Horse Inn, made famous as the place where our own WASHINGTON IRVING wrote a portion of his Sketch Book, while in England. In it is the little parlor called WASHINGTON IRVING'S room, and which is generally assigned to American guests. Here are the arm-chair, the poker, on which is engraved “Geoffrey Crayon's Scepter,” and are now celebrated by him in several passages of his writings. The “Red Horse” is a very model of an English country inn—situated directly on the street, and white-washed to the last degree; it has no street door, but is reached by a passage-way to the court or inner yard. A central stairway, as you enter, leads to the upper floor. On one side of the entrance is the bar-room—but yet a room without a bar—and the office where the bustling and rather handsome landlady holds sway. A landlord in that country is a myth; the landlady is the only visible authority, and is supreme.

The public room, which answers to our American bar-room in a country tavern, had two tables neatly set, with pipes, tobacco, glasses, etc., ready for use, arm-chairs ranged around the walls, the floor sanded, and a bright coal fire in the grate.

The walls are hung round with prints. A glass of ale or other drink is obtained by ringing the bell, when a bar-maid appears and takes the order.

In my visit there I was puzzled to know the use of a brass machine which stood on one of the tables, and while examining it, the bar-maid came in and explained that it contained smoking tobacco, which could only be got at by placing a ha'penny in a slit at the top, and touching a spring. Of course, I tried it, and the effect was so magical, as well as comical, that I tried it again and again. It was either the fun of the thing, so far as the box was concerned, or the ringing laugh of the handsome bar-maid, at each trial, that induced the several repetitions of it; and if all my change, on hand, had been in ha'pennies, I am not sure but they would have gone into that enchanting, or enchantress's, box.

The house, where the great poet was born, is partly of timber and partly cement, and is in excellent preservation: There is nothing but the house, with undoubted claims to association with his name; chairs and desks are shown, but they have no sort of authenticity.

We sat in the old fire-place, which is said to have been a favorite place of his; we climbed the oaken stair-case, probably trodden so often by his feet, and went about the grounds, shaded by the same old trees, perhaps, where he sat. Still, I am confident that no visitor feels that peculiar enthusiasm there as at the home of BURNS.

The country around Stratford is not hallowed by SHAKESPEARE's muse. He celebrated, not the smooth flowing Avon, nor the quiet fields beside it—but forts and battle-fields, kings, queens and palaces.

BURNS lovingly sung of the Ayr, the Bonnie Doon, and its banks and braes; he forgot the ambitions and plottings of royal life, and poured out his swan-like melodies of the lives and loves of the lads and lassies around him.

Stratford church, where SHAKESPEARE'S ashes rest, is a large and venerable structure, a portion of which was built in 1443. Upon the rough freestone slab that covers his dust, the following verse, said to have been composed by himself, is the only inscription :

"Good friend, for JESUS' sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be the man that spares these stones—
And curst be he that moves my bones."

The curse is said to have prevented the removal of his ashes to Westminster Abbey, for no one dared to disturb the earth around him.

The church is beautifully situated in an extensive ground, with groves of fine old trees, on the banks of the Avon.

Westminster Abbey contains within its storied walls a world of interest to Americans. It is a pantheon to which the whole civilized globe may go with reverence. Here kings, princes, poets, philosophers and warriors have silently mouldered into dust, and enduring marble emblems their memory. Here, the rival statesmen are at peace, and the tongue of the orator is mute; here, side by side, rest the crowned head and the chancellor—the archbishop and the actor—the divine and the physician—the poet and the queen. Here the first English Bible issued from the press. Here the magnificence and pomp of the regal coronation have followed the solemn and beautiful burial service for the dead; and here the pealing organ and the swelling choir, reverberating through the lofty gray-grown aisles, attune the mind to solemn thoughts and sobriety of demeanor.

And London Bridge. Of all London, the Thames and the Bridge seem to me to have the most subtle charms for us children of English stock. There is no one, whether he can read or not, but knows of the Thames. MOTHER GOOSE sang of it to all of us, from our cradle to our school days.

And we shall never lose our faith in London Bridge, where you and I, dear friends, have followed so often and so lovingly its train of wonderful mysteries. Who is there who has not sat upon his mother's lap, and listened to the wonderful ox that wouldn't drink the water—the water that wouldn't quench the fire—the fire that wouldn't burn the stick—the stick that wouldn't beat the kid—the kid that wouldn't go? And that perplexed driver saw by the moonlight that 'twas almost midnight, and 'twas time he and kid were home an hour and a half ago. *That* happened on London Bridge—and who, among all who are sitting here, wouldn't brave the wide ocean to see that veritable spot? The bridge, and the kid, and all, are no longer English—they are American also. MARRYAT and DICKENS have invested its waters with their heroes, and one may now stand there again and see OLD TOM and YOUNG TOM, and JACOB FAITHFUL, DAVID COPPERFIELD and STEERFORTH, LITTLE NELL and her grandfather, the BOOFER LADY and the BIRD OF PREY, all peopling it again to the exclusion of the more real and solid men and women.

Perhaps the most popular of all the music resorts in musical Vienna, is CORTI'S *cafe*, in the Volksgarten. It is there that STRAUSS' band plays—the veritable STRAUSS, whose music, especially waltzes, will be recognized as household words by my musical hearers. The concerts take place daily in the afternoon, Sundays not excepted. The garden itself is one of the great public resorts, and we found large numbers strolling through it. A part of it, containing the *cafe*, was fenced off by a rope netting, and the price of admission was forty kreutzers, or about thirty cents. Within and around the *cafe* there were two or three thousand people, men and women, and many families with children, eating ices, drinking coffee, tea and beer—mostly beer—to STRAUSS' bewitching music. The band consisted of fifty performers, and I need not say was one of the best ones, if not the very best, I ever heard. The whole scene was very striking—with the handsome *cafe* built

in the form of a pagoda, the grounds laid out with walks and flower beds, the crowds of well dressed people sitting around the little tables, animated in conversation and gesture, and the splendid music, could only be found, I will not say in Vienna, but in German Europe.

But of all places in the world, I think the musical sentiment is most fully embodied at Naples. It is a place where everything is cheap—but music cheapest of all. One would think that there, at least, he had got rid of street music, that hand organs in those Italian streets, would be like carrying coals to Newcastle; but there are more of them there, and they begin earlier in the morning, and stay later at night, and give more music for the same money, than any where else in the known world. There they are mounted on wheels and accompanied by two men, one to haul the machine, and the other to turn the crank. Of course, Naples being a head-quarter for their manufacture, they are so common that none but the very best can command any attention, and it can almost be said that their music is of the highest order. The most exquisite airs and selections from the operas, including the gems from the recent ones of *LA BELLE HELENE* and *LA GRAND DUCHESSE*, are as common and cheap on the streets as roasted chestnuts, and as well played as at the grand theatre *SAN CARLO*, where it costs six francs for admittance. Everybody in Italy understands music—and none better than the *lazzaroni*, who hang around the public places and will criticise the National Band or a passing organ, hissing or applauding them with equal unction. At the *SAN CARLO*, the opera sits enthroned. The orchestra has an hundred musicians; and the stage will hold twice as many singers. The theatre has six tiers of boxes, of which there are thirty in each tier, and their effect rising one above the other to a height of sixty or seventy feet, all profusely gilt and decorated in carving and tapestry, is superb. At a favorite opera, the whole audience becomes a part of it; and the prima donna may be likened to the minis-

ter at one of our camp meetings, who only lines the hymn, for the congregation to sing. In the more interesting passages at the SAN CARLO, the thousands in the boxes and parquette are on their feet singing together, and the great theatre is filled with an atmosphere of music.

Turn me abruptly from the etherial to the real—from music to beer. They are indeed, not so far apart. If we sit down at night—as the descendants of the old German stock, and sing together the old songs of the Rhine and of Fatherland, we would be dry indeed without the chorus of clinking *seidels*. Bavaria seems to be the land *par excellence*, for beer. The moment the frontier is crossed, this devotion to beer becomes perceptible in the breweries in the great towns, where they are almost invariably the largest and most imposing buildings, and the number of cellars and shops in their environs, whither the citizens resort to drink it. At the commencement of the season a surprising anxiety is everywhere manifested to discover where the best beer may be had; and, when ascertained, the favored establishments where it is retailed, become the constant places of resort, till the supply is exhausted. The business of brewing in Bavaria maintains more than five thousand establishments, and nearly ninety-six million gallons are made annually. It also forms the largest source of revenue to the Government, furnishing two-thirds of the whole amount.

Perhaps the most famous beer is that made by DREHER, in Vienna. His bier-keller, or place for retailing it, is a grand saloon, capable of seating more than a thousand persons; and his brewery turns out twelve hundred and seventy barrels of beer every day during the five winter months. During the other months of the year no beer is brewed.

In my own experience in that country, I thought it to be a bounden duty to get the best of everything. A Munich gentleman advised me, in looking for samples of the best beer, that I must not depend on the hotels, but go to a regular brew-

ery or restaurant. So I followed his advice, and a foaming tankard, holding something less than a quatt, was brought to me by a pretty waiter girl in the height of the Bavarian costume, who, custom being rather slack at the time, sat down at the opposite side of the table, and asked me if I came from America, and if I possibly might know her brother, who had gone somewhere beyond Ni-York, and told me how she wished some one would take her to that wonderful land. I did not know her brother, but did know many Bavarians, any one of whom could make her heart glad by drinking such huge and such often seidels of beer; and I apologized for not being able to do such a little act of politeness myself as to take her to America, as my way home was to be very circuitous, and I had my hands full with two female companions—but alleviated her sadness by leaving a handful of kreutzers on the table, and commending her to some less cumbered, future-coming American.

It is in one of these beer cellars—in the old town of Mayence, on the Rhine—that the first known printing office was inaugurated. GUTTENBERG and SCHOEFFER, and perhaps FAUST, worked in it. They were suspected of being in league with the devil, and of practising the black arts—which last, indeed, was true—and they were forced to set up their press in a damp and dismal cellar, to which the light of day, or the sight of passers by, could not penetrate. It will be shown to you now, if you inquire of a bar tender in an adjoining cellar, who will take you through a series of under-ground rooms, where malt is fermenting and where casks are cooling their portly sides, finally into the room hallowed by the first printing press. There was printed the first Bible—a copy of which still exists in the museum at Mayence. What a progeny for such a birth-place! Could the stalwart, ungainly, spectacled GUTTENBERG, who consecrated the new art by applying it to the production of the Bible, come forth from his grave to-day,

and see to what uses it has been put, he would likely wrap his ceremonies about him, and go back to mother earth with but one request—that she would receive him into eternal oblivion!

The traveler, by the ordinary routes, will usually get at Cologne his first view of the Rhine valley—the river beautiful—the valley majestic—the country of history and legend. I have many times hesitated, while preparing this paper, and half resolved to leave all else, and devote it wholly to that storied river. No wonder that the Germans from the Rhine, who sit down for a smoke and a drink together in the far-off Western World in remembrance of the Fatherland, first think and talk about this grand river. It brought me back to my western home, where many and many times I have sat spell-bound by the enthusiastic description which those men gave of the distant river, shining afar to them in memory, and so much farther to me in imagination, never dreaming to see it and to follow its classic shores along. No wonder that it is regarded almost with veneration by the people who have been reared by its borders, and who have regarded it as a sort of protector, or father, who has through all ages fostered agriculture and commerce, and brought to their fields its wealth of rejuvenating waters; which has carried their products to market, and returned the luxuries of the world; upon whose shores the finest wines are raised; whose beauty of hills, forests, and plains is unexcelled; whose whole course is storied with legend and romance; and whose history comes down from the far past, through the Roman civilization, the good and bad times of the feudal system, the chivalry of the crusades, the dawning of a civilized and enlightened age; and finally the time when all those little dukedoms and principalities, the remnants of the feudal ages, are grouped into a harmonious whole, and united Germany rears herself into a power not second to any on earth.

"A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
 But these and half their fame have passed away,
 And slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks—
 Their very graves are gone, and where are they?
 Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
 And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
 Glanced with its dancing light the sunny ray."

With these brief glances at the homes in the Old World, from which emigrated some of our national traits, we will close. The field is so broad, and presents so much that is familiar as we enter upon it, that it is difficult to tell from which to select. The religion, the music, the literature, architecture, laws, manners and customs, liberty of conscience and of speech,—even our nursery stories with which we start from our cradles, and the traditions which we recount in later life—all—which we have come into the habit of calling American, have the roots and tendrils of their genealogies in the old land across the sea. They live at Rome, where the ashes of centuries have never quite buried the first republic—at Runnymede, where Magna Charta sprung into deathless life—among the ruins of Jerusalem and on the plains of Palestine, which have given us our national religion—and everywhere along the mountains, the plains and the river valleys of Europe, from whence we have gathered, here a little and there a little, the separate attributes which are grouped into our national character. Who shall tell how near we have reached the completed whole—whether we are now at the uppermost round of destiny, with only the task of ultimate consolidation nigh at hand, or whether the tribes of outer Asia and the farthest Ind, and the isles of the sea, have still to cast in their lots, and make Americanism the nationality of the wide world?

CONDITION OF THE SOCIETY.

A synopsis of the Annual Report of the Society, January 2, 1873, shows: That the receipts into the General Fund for the past year were \$3,598.29; disbursements, \$3,614.67, showing an over-payment of \$16.38. The Binding Fund, which was last year reported at \$656.38, has been increased by a donation of \$20 from Rev. R. M. HODGES, and one dollar each from F. J. HASELTINE, J. B. HOLBROOK, and N. H. NICHOLSON, the sale of duplicate books, the annual dues and accrued interest, to \$829.81. The Society earnestly renews its plea for contributions to this important fund.

The past and present condition of the Library are shown in the following table:

DATE.	Volumes added.	Documents and Pamphlets.	Both together.	Total in Library.
1854, January 1.....	50	50	50
1855, January 2.....	1,000	1,000	2,000	2,050
1856, January 1.....	1,065	2,000	3,065	5,115
1857, January 6.....	1,005	300	1,305	6,420
1858, January 1.....	1,024	959	1,983	9,403
1859, January 4.....	1,107	500	1,607	10,010
1860, January 3.....	1,800	723	2,523	12,535
1861, January 2.....	837	1,134	1,971	14,504
1862, January 2.....	610	711	1,321	15,825
1863, January 2.....	544	2,373	2,917	18,745
1864, January 2.....	248	356	604	19,346
1865, January 3:.....	520	226	746	20,092
1866, January 2.....	368	806	1,174	21,266
1867, January 3.....	923	2,811	3,734	25,000
1868, January 4.....	5,462	1,043	6,505	31,505
1869, January 1.....	2,838	682	3,520	35,025
1870, January 4.....	923	6,240	7,163	42,188
1871, January 3.....	1,970	1,372	3,342	45,530
1872, January 2.....	1,211	3,789	5,000	50,530
1873, January 2.....	2,166	1,528	3,694	54,224
	25,671	28,553	54,224	

The book additions of the year have been 2,166, of which 1,591 were by purchase, and 575 by donation, a larger number than in any preceeding year; 1,528 pamphlets, only 71 of which were obtained by purchase; making the total book and pamphlet additions 3,694. Of the book additions, 109 were folios and 366 quartos—thus increasing the total number of folios now in the library to 1,826, and the quartos to 2,550 and both together 4,376.

Though our total additions have been considerably less than last year, owing to a large purchase in 1871, of over 2,000 pamphlets, yet the book additions alone exceed those of last year by 955 volumes.

To the newspaper department the additions have been larger than in any preceeding year, 404 volumes; making the total number of bound newspaper files 2,044. Among the additions are a set, in quarto size, of the *Holland Mercury* from 1651 to 1790, and also from 1801 to 1815. *Leyden Gazette*, quarto, from 1765 to 1782, and the *Paris Gazette* 1696-97—making 210 volumes, all but the two volumes of the *Paris Gazette* in the Holland language, forming a most fitting addition to the Tank portion of our library—containing, doubtless, many quaint items of early Holland migrations to our country, and much curious and valuable matter pertaining to the pecuniary aid furnished our struggling country during the Revolutionary war by patriotic bankers and capitalists of Holland.

Of the remaining 194 newspaper volumes, 76 are English files—46 of them a set of *Notes and Queries*, devoted to genealogy and antiquities; and 118 American files. Among the latter are a set of the *Detroit Gazette*, for nearly ten consecutive years, 1819-28, at a period when it was the only newspaper representative of Michigan Territory, then embracing what is now Wisconsin within its limits—an invaluable acquisition, from THOS. H. SHELDON and sisters, whose father, the late Hon. JOHN P. SHELDON, was one of its founders.

Our total newspaper files are now distributed in the three

centuries, as follows: 54 in the seventeenth; 359 in the eighteenth, and 1,685 in the nineteenth.

We have now a total of 546 maps and atlases.

During the year we have received the following additions to the Picture Gallery: Portrait of Col. HERCULES L. DOUSMAN, painted by C. W. HEYD, of Milwaukee, in gilt frame, from his family; Hon. T. O. HOWE, in gilt frame, painted by F. M. PEBBLES, from Senator HOWE; Col. CHARLES H. LARRABEE, in gilt frame, painted by SAML. M. BROOKES, of San Francisco, from Col. LARRABEE; Gen. HENRY HARNDEN, Col. S. V. SHIPMAN, and GEN. JAS. K. PROUDFIT, all painted by JAMES R. STUART, St. Louis, and in gilt frames, from those persons respectively; late Hon. JOHN P. SHELDON, cabinet size, from his family; late ROSWELL BROWN, a Dane County pioneer, cabinet size, from JAMES BELL, administrator; a fancy picture of a young girl, marked on the back "Wild Rose," in gilt frame, from the artist who painted it, CHARLES P. DORWARD. The present number of oil paintings in the Gallery is 86; and other portraits of our pioneer settlers, prominent public men, and war heroes, will, we trust, be early added to our collection.

The cabinet of curiosities and Natural History has received many important additions.

OBJECTS OF COLLECTION.

The Society earnestly solicits of every editor and publisher of a newspaper or periodical in the State the regular transmission of such publication; and from all, books and pamphlets, on all subjects of interest or reference; magazines, newspaper files, maps, and engravings; portraits of Wisconsin pioneers and other prominent personages; war and Indian relics and other curiosities; narratives of early settlement, hardships, border wars, and of the part borne by Wisconsin men in our late civil war.

HISTORICAL CELEBRATION.

The society has resolved to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the descent of the Wisconsin and the discovery of the Mississippi by JOLIET and MARQUETTE, on Tuesday, the 17th of June next, at the confluence of the Wisconsin and the Great Father of Waters. An event which gave such unspeakable joy to those adventurous explorers and discoverers, and which has been followed by consequences so important, is well worthy of a suitable commemoration; and from no body of our people could it be more appropriately initiated than by our Historical Society. It is also proposed, in connection with the celebration of the discovery of the Mississippi, to devote the following day as a Pioneer Jubilee for our early settlers.

JOHN G. SHEA, LL. D., of New York, the distinguished historian of New France, has been selected to deliver the commemorative address, and the Hon. Mr. JOLIET, of Canada, a lineal descendant of the great discoverer, invited to honor the occasion with his presence, and make such remarks as he may deem proper; and the second day to be devoted to historical addresses and reminiscences on the early settlement of the country: the pioneers, editors and citizens of the State generally, the Governors of the adjacent States, and the Historical Societies of the country invited to participate on the occasion.

Messrs. Governor WASHBURN, DRAPER, ORTON, MILLS, HASTINGS, PROUDFIT, ROSS, DURRIE and CHAPMAN were appointed a committee of arrangements, with full power to appoint sub committees, and act in all matters pertaining to the celebration.

OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1873.

PRESIDENT.

HON. ALEXANDER MITCHELL, MILWAUKEE.

VICE PRESIDENTS:

HON. HENRY S. BAIRD, GREEN BAY.
I. A. LAPHAM, LL D., MILWAUKEE.
HON. J. R. DOOLITTLE, RACINE.
HON. J. T. LEWIS, COLUMBUS.
HON. H. S. ORTON, LL D., MADISON.

HON. JAS. SUTHERLAND, JANESVILLE.
HON. H. D. BARRON, ST. CROIX FALLS.
HON. M. L. MARTIN, GREEN BAY.
HON. A. G. MILLER, MILWAUKEE.
HON. J. H. ROUNTREE, PLATTEVILLE.

HONORARY VICE PRESIDENTS:

1. HON. CYRUS WOODMAN, MASS.
2. HON. PERRY H. SMITH, ILLINOIS.
3. HON. H. S. RANDALL, NEW YORK.

4. HON. JOHN CATLIN, NEW JERSEY.
5. HON. STEPHEN TAYLOR, PENN.
6. HON. A. C. DODGE, IOWA.

7. HON. L. J. FARWELL, MISSOURI.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

LYMAN C. DRAPER.

RECORDING SECRETARY,

COL. FRANK H. FIRMIN.

TREASURER,

A. H. MAIN.

LIBRARIAN,

DANIEL S. DURRIE.

CURATORS:

EX-OFFICIO.

HON. C. C. WASHBURN,
Governor.

HON. LL. BREESE,
Secretary of State.

HON. HENRY BÄTZ,
State Treasurer.

FOR ONE YEAR.

Gen. SIMEON MILLS,
Hon. GEO. B. SMITH,
Gen. G. P. DELAPLAINE,
Dr. JOSEPH HOBBS,
Hon. ANDREW PROUDFIT,
S. U. PINNEY,
Hon. E. W. KEYES,
Hon. JAMES L. HILL,
Hon. S. D. HASTINGS.

FOR TWO YEARS.

Gov. L. FAIRCHILD,
Hon. E. B. DEAN,
Col. S. V. SHIPMAN,
Hon. L. B. VILAS,
Gen. D. ATWOOD,
O. M. CONOVER,
Hon. JOHN Y. SMITH,
B. J. STEVENS,
Prof. WM. F. ALLEN.

FOR THREE YEARS.

Hon. D. WORTHINGTON,
C. P. CHAPMAN,
Prof. J. D. BUTLER, LL D.,
Prof. S. H. CARPENTER, LL D.,
Hon. JAMES ROSS,
N. B. VAN SYKE,
Hon. J. D. GURNEE,
Maj. J. O. CULVER,
ISAAC LYON.

STANDING COMMITTEES:—1873

Publications—

DRAPER, G. B. SMITH, BUTLER, CARPENTER and CULVER.

Auditing Accounts—

HASTINGS, FIRMIN, ROSS and CHAPMAN.

Finance—

MILLS, BETZ, HASTINGS, VAN SLYKE and GURNEE.

Endowment—

MILLS, FAIRCHILD, VAN SLYKE, DELAPLAINE, WORTHINGTON, ATWOOD, PINNEY, ORTON, HILL, PROUDFIT and DRAPER.

Literary Exchanges—

DURRIE, FIRMIN, HOBBS and BREESE.

Cabinet—

LYON, SHIPMAN, ALLEN, STEVENS, KEYES and DURRIE.

Natural History—

LAPHAM, J. Y. SMITH, HOBBS, DELAPLAINE and STEVENS.

Printing—

ROSS, CARPENTER, CULVER, KEYES and JOHN Y. SMITH.

Art Gallery—

CARPENTER, DELAPLAINE, MILLS, FAIRCHILD, BREESE, VILAS and SHIPMAN.

Historical Narratives—

PINNEY, FAIRCHILD, ORTON, SHIPMAN and DRAPER.

Indian History and Nomenclature—

CHAPMAN, JOHN Y. SMITH, BUTLER, ALLEN, HILL and STEVENS.

Lectures and Essays—

ROSS, BUTLER, WORTHINGTON, CONOVER and DURRIE.

Soliciting Committee—

CHAPMAN, HOBBS, SHIPMAN, BETZ and DEAN.

Annual Addresses—

G. B. SMITH, ROSS, GURNEE, FAIRCHILD and PINNEY.

Membership Nominations—

MILLS, BREESE, VILAS, GURNEE and PROUDFIT.

Library Purchases and Fixtures—

DRAPER, CONOVER and DURRIE.

Obituaries—

ATWOOD, DELAPLAINE, ROSS, DEAN and HASTINGS.

